A Thankfulness

There is a thankfulness that I am still here, alive, able to appreciate being able to welcome in another Spring as Gaia renews again the life of this particular part of a temperate land. Yesterday morning, in a sheltered spot away from the colding wind with a post-equinoxal Sun rising into a sky of blue, I sat in a part of the garden and watched and heard a Bumblebee flying among some opening flowers while, around, the post-Dawn Chorus of wild birds sounded out as it has here for perhaps a thousand years. Such a simple pleasure which seemed to this old man to express the glorious meaning of Life.

An essence, beyond that other world beyond the presencing of Gaia here. That causal world of intemperate, hubriatic, abstractions some of which in decades past so enthralled, so enmeshed me, that I as so many others caused, contributed to, the suffering of other life, sentient and otherwise, on this insignificant planet orbiting one Star in one stellar-filled Galaxy among a Cosmos of billions of Galaxies.

But for how much longer will this natural rhythm of renewal of wild-fullness last? How much longer will it be before we learn to appreciate our human culture of pathei-mathos which formed the basis of Studia Humanitatis?

> "You are not here to verify,
> Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
> Or carry report. You are here to kneel
> Where prayer has been valid." [1]

We in our majority in our hubris seem to have increasingly forgotten or never felt the personal humility, the empathy, or known the pathei-mathos, that leads us to the human necessity of prayer: be it to Gaia, to θειότης (the numinous, divinity-presenced), to θεοί, the gods; or to ὁ θεὸς, The Monas, μονάς, The One-The Only, τὸ ἓν, named by Muslims as Allah and by Christians as God.

For we are only fleeting manifestations of Gaia, presenced for some decades at most; with my words just another feeble attempt to express what one fallible being has discovered by pathei-mathos.

> τέχναι δὲ Κάλχαντος οὐκ ἄκραντοι.
> Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
> ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει:
> τὸ μέλλον δ᾽, ἐπεὶ γένοιτ᾽, ἂν κλύοις: πρὸ χαιρέτω:
> ἴσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν. [2]

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ΞΞΞ

1. TS Eliot, Little Gidding.

2. The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, 249f.

> But the Art of Calchas was not so incomplete:
> The goddess, Δίκη, favours someone learning from adversity.
> But I shall hear of what will be, after it comes into being:
> Before then, I leave it,
> Otherwise, it is the same as a premature grieving.

(Translated by DWM)

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